The Brush-Off

P. O. Palmstrom

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REMEMBER ?

—'CUBA'—

"GOIN' ON"

Quote "Hiya fellas" end of quote...from Kate Smith, or don't you ever get to hear her? Anyway, we hope you are bearing with us while we try to get the Brush-Off into a speedier groove. Well, three more juniors have been sporting diamonds since Christmas vacation, namely, Jean Maccabe, Connie Whitcomb, and Eleanor Hersey. It seems to be quite the fashion. Fashion reminds me of Frances (Rose)...She was in school the other day looking as if she'd just stepped out of Vogue. In fact, I thought one of our freshmen would lose his eyes as he asked me who she was... And Nancy (Fowle) Tobias--(remember charming Nancy?), also, from the ranks of the D.P.'s, lives practically across the street from us, but is too busy with her baby to come over often...Surprise?...You know, the drawing and painting department is no more, and we miss seeing the beautiful paintings and drawings you kids used to turn out, but the Graphic Arters keep up the spirit, madly etching and lithographing and always well inked from the elbows down....For those who are interested, Alice Hill's engaged, and so is Barb Kirkpatrick--to Alice's brother...Maybe it would be simpler to say who isn't married or engaged. Don't forget, when you come to Boston, come to see us--hope none of you has turned anti-social while in the service (Ed Sweet knows what I mean). It's always much nicer to see someone you know, even though in Boston we can't escape seeing all ranks and varieties of service men...Boston... still the same...same "smell of coffee and burnt potatoes" as Dick says, same characters to observe wherever you go, same walk through the Fenway to the Museum, always a play that sneaks down to New York almost before we know it's here, same austere Copley Square, and, of course, the same weather--which means that one day it snows, one day it pours, the next day you think spring is just aroung the corner, and tomorrow it will probably be 15° below. What else is there to say?...Oh yes, Frank Sinatra has a new baby boy...How did he get in here??.....

Yours truly hopped a Brockton to Boston bus the other day and heard a familiar voice murmuring her name as she dropped her tuppence in the box. Who should it belong to but Joe MacDonald, who was on his way to Quincy to see Bob Thresher home on leave.

The Junior class is going to need blinders for the rest of the year, what with all the diamonds flashing thither and yon. Latest additions to the "Richman's Rhinestone" class are Connie Whitcomb, Jeanne Maccabe, and Eleanor Hersey.

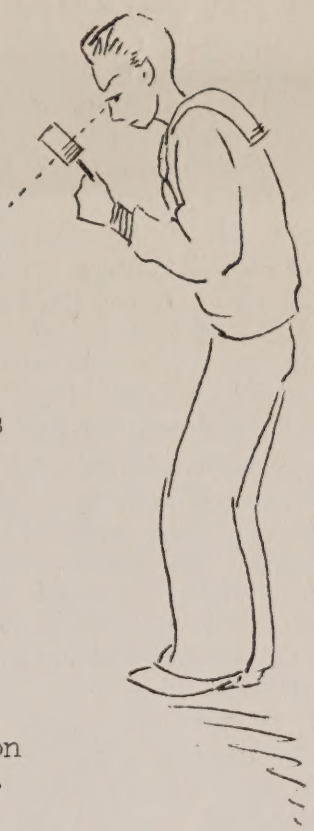
The student body extends its sympathy to Effie Knapp, whose home was burned down completely on Xmas day. We hope Effie was able to save as many as possible of her very fine paintings.

Scoop...Charlotte Sullivan, lucky girl, is now not only the wife of a captain (hubby was promoted since their marriage) but also the mother-to-be of a Bundle from Heaven!

Orchids to the various committees on whom the success of the Christmas Banquet rested. It was a super swell party, Kids. Wish all you service guys and gals could have been with us!.....

HEADLINES from here and there...

Engagements announced..smiling twosomes..wedding bells...have...become the order of the day !!! Recently Jean Bacon and S/Sgt. John Sawyer, A.A.F, beamed in to school for a look around to the accompaniment of cheery "H'lo's" ...Several days after that visit they became the proud possessors of "Mr. and Mrs."...Of course Mass. Art was well represented at the ceremony!



Lt. R. J. Flanagan and Lt. Alison MacComber, started in the Air Corps last February...within this last month two pair of wings (PILOT) have flashed through the familiar halls...palpitations rushed into feminine eyes in the wake of those wings.

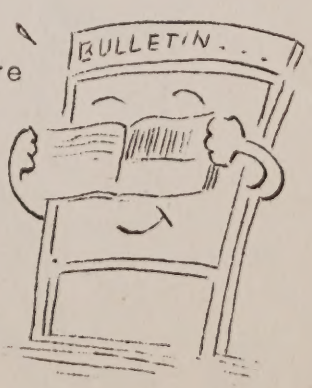
Jack Starsnick had a first-hand view of this year's first issue of the "Brush-Off". He grinningly made note of the competition found in said publication ...for the Navy paper Jack edits. P.S. His wife was along!

At times Tommy (Mr. Thompson--Hmp!) claims that Mass. Art is becoming a finishing school for young femmes...Imagine his delight upon the entrance of 1st Lieut. Gould Hulse (Coast Artillery) into room A-6 (that d-e-sign room!) The Lieut. commented on his adventures (?) in the Army....then comments turned toward the "design work" being done...

Cpl. Bill Gunn wishes the "Brush-Off" well--it seems his June issue just caught up with him...

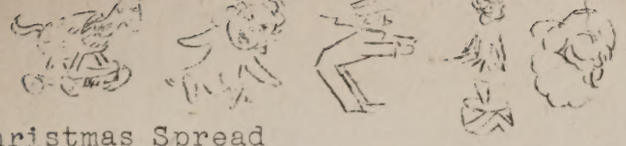
Lieutenant Walkup (better known as Charlie) dropped in to see us the other day...Having just graduated from Navigation school in Louisiana, he hopes soon to be a crew member on a B-17.(model "G")

Last seen dining and dancing with Florence Whitmore, Rico DiFranza has taken his genial smile out "thar" to the University of Utah, where he's studying German (the insigna on sleeve indicated A.S.T.P.)



Our bulletin board has beaming-ly displayed the work of Sgt. Johnnie. .Hatch - '41...an oil painting for the Portland General Electric Co. and a mural on photomapping...The latter was given a double page lay-out in"the Grid", published by the 29th Engineers...

A thousand apologies- it wasn't our Jack Stasnick we saw in the newspaper last summer - same name but....



Christmas Spread

So I'm a pink cardboard elephant, am I? I was there though, in fact I was in on the whole proceedings from the beginning. It was about two weeks before December 17, that the really mad rush began. Miss Lennon decorating the foyer in a good old fashioned Christmas style plus modern design, decorations, entertainment, invitations, placecards, Toni Wiggins playing the organ in the foyer, everyone singing carols during lunch periods. Finally the afternoon rolled around. The decoration committee put me up with the rest of the cardboard toys. Paper snowflakes, displaywindows of a toystore, hobby horses and jack-in-the-box placecards, were all ready for the food and faculty. The faculty presents were funnier than ever, and this time the teachers read the accompanying poems. Poor embarrassed Mr. Corsini received some eyeshadow with the following poem: "Limpid pools of poignant feeling-large and brown and droopy, too..-Fringed with dark and dewy lashes,-These eyes divine belong to you. Yours the look of manly courage,-Yours the glance of softest pain,-Ours the helpless, vibrant sense of--Beating hearts. Ah-love in vain! Your eyes light with eager yearning,--Not for us...unhappy folk... But for your heart's dearest treasure,--A snappy, well-done free-brush stroke!

Later, after much carolling, MSA and assorted service men gathered for dancing to the best bands on record. But the entertainment, whee! Real alive toys in a toyshop. Al Petito was a gruff but lovable old toymaker, Marie Anton with red gosamer wings, the spirit of Christmas. Ginnie Carter and Carol Peeling were two lively elves in red and green. Then the most wonderful array of dolls, tin soldiers, Dick Frenier acting as the baby doll. Two Viennese china dolls, danced to a slightly different tempo as did the gay South Americans. There were two gilded birds and a charming Parisienne French Doll. Oh, and we must not forget the poor little Jack-in-the-box, and the limp and lounging ragdoll, Babara Corrigan. A good spread? Is there any question about MSA's spreads not being good? From where I was it looked like the best of fun.

This is Us!

Your Freshman editors reporting. Elaine (Smitty) Smithers, who is our noble President and a honey, decided to have a Freshman gathering at her home in Wellesley Hills on Armistice Day. With some of the other gals I had to leave from Harvard Square and subsequently plough through a parade. We didn't it rather neatly. Along came the Veterans of Foreign Wars. We marched right through, cutting down Veterans like ripe wheat. After getting tangled with the marines and practically being crowned the sweethearts of the Leathernecks, we found our bus. Arriving at the stop, there was a huge sign like a squashed tomato, reading "Smitty's, full speed ahead!". Then we marched until we found another sign saying "Smitty's, enter at risk!" So we did and had one wonderful time "cutting the rug," toasting "Weenies" and singing. The latter let Yours truly out for she had laryngitis, but I became Juke Box Gert, for every time they fed me a sandwich I pumped out a tune on the piano. We also invited the Misses Munsterberg and Lennon for a short while and one of the girls told their fortunes. The three divisions mixed and found they were one kindred crowd and one smooth class, so we're going to do it more often.

GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME OVER VACATION!